

10.10.2011

New Apparition Poems (Adam Field)



#261

Never one to cut corners about cutting corners, you spun the Subaru into a rough U-turn right in the middle of Old York Road at midnight, scaring the shit out of this self-declared "artist." The Issue, as ever, was nothing particular to celebrate. We could only connect nothing with nothing in our private suburban waste land. Here's where the fun starts— I got out, motherfucker. I made it. I say "I," and it works. But Old York Road at midnight is still what it is. I still have to live there the same way you do.

#158

I found her more withered than I remembered, a piece of road hill on the New Jersey Turnpike, scuttling into the city to steal from the old West Philly co-op, to cook (I'm guessing) lentils over a fire in woods somewhere near the Pine Barrens, this woman who deserted me for a man who could and has brought her three things: no children, abject poverty, and sterling marijuana. It's to be smoked as no last resort but as a means of being so wired into walking deadness that living out of an old Seleca seems celestial as a canto of Byron's, perhaps the one she used to recite to me— "tis but a worthless world to win or lose"- and believe me, baby, you don't know the half of it, but you're not listening, you're stoned, you always were, oh the charm of you.